

Broken souls deserve love too by NocturnalMe

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Summary:

A year had passed since Steve and Billy fought at Byers', and their relationship had changed from then, like completely changed. And now it was their first Christmas together, but how did Billy feel about that?

Broken souls deserve love too

Author's Note:

This oneshot was meant to be posted for Christmas but my muse is a little moody bitch like me so here we are :)))

It's my first fanfiction in Harringrove fandom and I hope you'll like it because I love this pairing sooo much and I wanted to share this love with all the other shippers.

I have to warn you first about topics in this fic: child-abuse and swearing. If you are sensitive about this kind of topics, you shouldn't read it. I tried to be as truthful as possible, but I assure you this fic is most fluff and love above all!

Last but not least, I want to say a big THANK YOOOOU to [@HelAuditore](#), my fantastic beta. Idk what I would do without her, seriously. She saves my life, but especially my english ROFL ♥
So, I hope you'll enjoy it, guys!!

P.s. I suck with titles lol

Billy Hargrove fucking hated Hawkins.

He fucking hated that city so much.

He fucking hated its weather, he fucking hated its roads, he fucking hated its buildings, he fucking hated its people. Well, except one. Steve Harrington. In fact, he lo- *liked* Steve. He was the only person who was able to make Hawkins less shitty.

They had been together for six months now, they were in this kind of secret not-so-secret *relationship* – that word still freaked Billy out, like *really freaked him out*. Nobody knew they were..dating but he was sure as hell Max had understood something, and Susan too. Even if that was the case, they never asked Billy and he was fucking glad for

that, seriously. And maybe the other los-... kids, did know but that was Steve's field of worrying, not his.

First thing first: Billy had never been the long term type. He just couldn't stand being committed to someone for too long, *ugh*! He used girls just to fuck, that was all. Plus, he liked dicks, so it had been almost impossible for him to be in a stable relationship. Well, until now.

Jeez.

What the fuck had happened to him?

It's already December 22, shit.

He sighed at that thought and banged his head on the headrest. It was darkening outside and getting cold. Billy missed sunny California so much now more than ever.

Harrington, come-thefuck-on.

He was waiting for his boyfriend – *holy crap!!* – in his Camaro, parked a few feet away from Hendersons' house. Steve was still hanging out with those nerds, and Billy had just accepted the fact that he had to do it too, because Steve loved them, he couldn't get why though. They had babysat that bunch of dipshits together, actually. Like many times. It happened that Steve had to stay with Dustin for some hours, and since Billy wanted to spend as much time as possible with Steve, mostly to be a dick, it also happened that he got stuck there too and then here was all the gang.

"Why we gotta do this? Really, they are almost fourteen!! What the fuck."

"Can you please shut up? You're insufferable, I have already told you that."

"Sssh, I know, I know. Please stop."

"Has anyone ever told you that you're so pretty when you shut your mouth?"

"Cut it off, Princess. Or I'll give Mrs. Henderson one good reason to take off your title of Best babysitter of Hawkins 1986."

“...back off, jerk.”

“Watch out, Mama Steve, you can’t use that kind of words when you’re around the k-“

“Good Lord, Hargrove, I swear I’m gonna gag you-“

“Uuuuh, I like it.”

“...perv.”

Billy laughed, remembering the frustrated face Steve had made that particular evening when he hugged him from behind and whispered in his ear all the dirty things Billy would had done to him once they had got home. Steve’s home because they had more space and privacy there, his parents were nearly nonexistent.

Teasing Steve at the worst times? He kinda enjoyed it.

Lately, things for Billy were better than they had been last year. After his father had almost knocked him out beating the shit out of him, Neil had been arrested by Hopper for child abuse (thank God Susan telephoned to the station before it was too late) and removed from the city indefinitely.

That big piece of shit.

At the hospital he had been admitted in, Billy had to make a statement about the abuse he had been suffering at the hands of his father... and it hadn’t been easy. Fuck, it hadn’t been easy *at all*.

He had almost had a panic attack, and been on the verge of throwing his fucking guts up, from both anger and pain while he was talking to Hopper, but fortunately Max was there, holding his hand so lightly but kindly, and it had been the first time they had been nice to each other. Billy, obviously, didn’t thank her with words for her gesture; from that day on, however, he had stopped being a dick towards her and they had almost got along. That kid didn’t suck after all.

Billy decided to stay in Hawkins with Max and Susan, it wasn’t like they were a family, but at least they could have a peaceful life without Neil around. Billy couldn’t explain how much he owed Susan

for what she had done. That hell of an evening, she had stood up for him while Neil had been shouting at Billy, and Billy had looked at her with eyes wide open, like he couldn't believe it. He had thought Neil would have slapped her to shut her up.

The same night, after all the police shit, Billy couldn't sleep, so he had sat on the sofa in the living room and stared up the ceiling. He had felt numb like it had been a dream, a nightmare from which he had just woken up, and had left him emptied of everything.

He had been so absorbed in his thoughts that he hadn't heard the footsteps from the doorway.

Suddenly, he had felt a hand on his shoulder.

Billy was startled by the soft touch, and turned to see Susan sit next to him, a weak smile on her tired face.

He didn't know what made him to do it but he hugged her, feeling his eyes burn from the tears that wanted to desperately come out. He was completely exhausted, physically and emotionally, and he had had enough of being tough and alone, so he had broken down.

Susan had wrapped her arms around him and, squeezing him gently, whispered *"I'm so sorry, Billy. If I had known what he'd been doing to you, I-"* her voice dripping with pure sadness cracked, *"..But now it's all over, darling. It's over."*

Billy might have cried that night.

A knock on the car window made Billy wince and he shook his head as waking up from his thoughts.

"Hey, are you there?" Steve yelled frowning and crossing his arms on his chest, his cheeks and the tip of his nose red from the cold.

Grimacing, Billy pulled the window down just enough to be heard by the other boy. "Jesus, Steve, finally!" he spoke through gritted teeth "I'm gonna freeze my butt out here, you asshole. Get inside already!"

"Oh, *please*." the brunet said with an annoying tone just to get on Billy's nerves even more before getting closer to the window, leaning

on the roof of the car with his left arm. "You're so dramatic." he then giggled with a peek of affection, and Billy rolled his eyes to smother the smile that wanted to creep on his face.

As he started to respond, Steve got around the Camaro and climbed inside.

"Dramatic?" Billy repeated, half offended half irritated, once Steve was in the car. "Fuck off, pretty boy." he grunted while Steve made himself comfortable on the seat and buckled up. "I'm not used to this fucking weather." Billy scoffed glaring at the boy, his hands busy lighting up his fourth cigarette of the afternoon. Only when he had tasted a brief drag, he started the car.

"Wear more clothes, then." was the sharp answer of the brunet who was smiling cockily, looking at the blond with his warm eyes, in his tone slightly malicious.

The radio was playing one of those new pop hits. Wham's? Duran Duran's, maybe? Billy didn't listen to that genre, even if he loved when Steve singed at the top of his lungs, laughing all shiny and gleeful. It was such a great look on him.

By the way, *that* music wasn't Billy's choice, it was absolutely Steve's fault, since he had fucked with the radio one night, after getting shitfaced and Billy had to drive him home.

Billy was still angry at him about it.

"Oh, really?" Billy asked arching an eyebrow and throwing a quick glance at Steve as he picked the main road. "You've never complained about it." he then pointed out and a grin bloomed on his lips, the cigarette dangling between them.

"Well..." Steve cleared his throat loudly at that, and his face flushed even more.

Feeling Billy's gaze on him, he mumbled "That's not the point.", squirming uncomfortably in the seat. "*Besides*, it was you who wanted to bring me to the mall, so." he continued after clearing his throat to get it together, trying to win the conversation.

Steve, in fact, won. Damn his cuteness, not that Billy said that out loud.

Billy rolled his eyes with a scoff “Don’t make me regret it.”.

Billy Hargrove fucking hated malls.

He hated them because they were overflowing with *people*, and he wasn’t such a people fan. Not anymore, at least. Especially little town’s ones. He found them fake, with their welcome-here pies and their happy smiles.

Ugh.

He used to like the attention of these people, once, yes, he liked it so much. Girls and boys literally claimed him, chanted his name at parties, and that made him feel powerful and loved.

How pathetic was that?

Only after becoming friends with Harrington he finally opened his eyes. Now that kind of life annoyed him, disgusted even. So, he was there only because he wanted to be a good *boyfriend* and support Steve in his last-minute Christmas shopping that was more like a hunt.

Walking next to the brunet with hands in the pockets of his jeans, Billy was looking around at the shops windows decorated in red, green and white with drawings of Santa, his reindeers and all that kind of shit.

At some point, he turned his head towards Steve, “What are you looking for, again?” he asked after a moment, frowning. The mall wasn’t that big and they had been strolling around for a while now.

“I don’t know, if I’m being honest” Steve sighed as he slid a hand through his perfect hair, “..but I’d hope to come up with something good looking at the shops, here.” he continued muttering and came

to a stop, on his face an expression of complete loss and confusion as a proof that he still hadn't a damn idea.

Another deep sigh and the brunet glanced at Billy. "Just..can we look a little more? Please?" he almost pleaded, the bastard, wow.

Billy wasn't very keen on staying there for too long, but hell, he couldn't resist those eyes and that pout. Unfair, really.

"*Okaaay*, sounds like a plan" plan which he didn't like so much if his grimace was any indication.

Anyway.

"I can't understand why you have to buy a fucking present for that Wheeler chick, after all the shit she put you through." the blond spoke again after some time, while Steve had stopped to take a closer look at the window of a clothes shop. His tone was full of hatred and something more.

Steve surely sensed it because he threw an arm around Billy's shoulders and squeezed him as he laughed. "Stop being so jealous, babe." the pet name whispered just meant to be heard by Billy, who, at those words, like burned by the truth behind them, pushed the boy away from him.

"Whatever, Princess." he grunted out with a shrug as Steve continued to laugh, amused.

Suddenly, Steve's eyes caught something beyond the window and his face lit up in realization.

"Hey, let's go in here, I've finally found it!" the brunet practically dragged the other boy with him inside the shop. Billy didn't even have the time to realize what was happening, when he found himself surrounded by mannequins and clothes.

"Harrington, you-" the blond was snarling but Steve was long gone, surely in the women's section.

Shaking his head in resignation, he decided to have a look around too, just in case. Maybe he could find something for Max and Susan. Not like he was the gift making type, he sucked pretty bad at it. As a

matter of fact, he sucked in the entire feelings and relationship field. That's why he couldn't understand how in the hell Steve was still with him.

Steve deserved someone who could say how much he lov- *cared* about him. Not the garbage that Billy Hargrove was.

Fuck this shit. I need a cigarette. Now.

Just when Steve appeared out of nowhere and pulled on the sleeve of Billy's denim jacket, Billy noticed that he was stroking the collar of a [winter leather coat](#), completely lost in his thoughts.

How long had he been there like this? What the fuck?

Steve glanced quickly between the blond and the jacket before pinning his big brown eyes on Billy'. "Mission accomplished, my brave companion." he chuckled, lifting the black card bag up with Nancy's present inside. "Thanks for your precious help, Sir Hargrove." the brunet attempted to say in a thick British accent, bending forward in a weak attempt of a bow.

Was that sarcasm in his voice?

It took Billy a few seconds to understand. And then he *did*. He had been caught daydreaming like an idiot. And Harrington was shitting him.

Okay.

Well, that wasn't *okay*.

Withdrawing the hand from the mannequin in a flash, Billy growled a "Sure." and, only after clearing his throat as a way of fully coming back to planet earth, continued, jerking his chin up "You should stop hanging out with those nerds, you sound just like them." Billy wanted to sound caustic, but the words came out as lame as his attempts to be casual, like he hadn't been staring a fucking jacket for God knows how long.

"You say so just cos you can't join the D&D's campaigns." Steve smirked cheekily while elbowing the blond, his eyebrows wiggling.

At that, Billy stepped away a little from the other boy and looked at him, both speechless and shocked. “Yeah, yeah. You got me, Harrington.” he huffed, rolling his eyes.

The brunet giggled, his tuft waving as he turned and glanced at Billy. Their eyes locked and there was something in Steve’s look, something hidden but strong, alive, undeniable. There was something in the way he looked at Billy that made the latter’s stomach clench and his heart skip a beat.

Billy couldn’t stand the way Steve was staring at him, so he pretended like the cold had got to him, and turned his head slightly to wipe his nose with a finger, a mere excuse to avoid Steve’s eyes.

The two went back to the Camaro walking next to each other, Billy’s hand itching from the want to hold Steve’s, they were so close that they almost touched.

It was snowing outside.

Fucking great.

Billy Hargrove fucking hated Christmas.

He hated it because it had never been a joyous day for him, much the opposite.

Why?

Neil Hargrove hadn’t ever been a good man, neither a good father. Everybody in the neighborhood had always thought that he was respectful and righteous, but he wasn’t.

For as long as Billy could remember, he always had been a piece of shit. His mother had got sick after giving him birth and Neil had never forgiven him for that, as if it was Billy’s fault. So, he always treated Billy like he was scum and tried to beat him, but one way or

another his mother had managed to stop him to hurt her son, at times getting hit herself by Neil.

“He’s your father. Remember: you must pay respect to him, my darling. Always.” Billy’s mother used to say between the coughing, stroking his cheek sweetly. Her smile didn’t reach her eyes, though.

She was a sad woman who had regretted marrying a man like Neil. Only growing up Billy had understood what it was that veil he saw behind her look. It was resignation.

Neil was violent. And nobody knew what happened in Hargrove’s house. Or nobody really wanted to.

As the condition of Billy’s mother worsened, Neil’s temper faltered more and more, and Billy’s guilt just kept rising within his guts and heart.

Screaming. Slapping. Broken plates and glasses. All normal in Hargrove’s house.

And this went on and on for almost all his life, and since his mother died things got even *worse*.

Neil started to drink like a fish, he went out for *hours* leaving Billy alone in the house just to return late at night, some days even in the morning.

The very first Christmas without her was... Billy still struggled to think back to that night without having a panic attack.

That time, Neil left earlier than usual and came back home past three.

Hearing noises coming from downstairs, Billy had opened his eyes, a grimace forming on his face, and then climbed out his bed to start in the direction of the living room. He had carefully gone down to take a better look, although he had stayed hidden behind the wall, leaning in a little with his curly head.

Neil was sitting on the armchair near the small television, shitfaced, in his right hand a bottle of hard liquor. It was a fucking miracle he had been able to make it there, honestly. Sure as hell he had wrecked the lock of the door to enter.

Feeling like he was being watched, he snapped his eyes open, red and glossy from alcohol and anger, and pinning them into Billy's. That look had made the kid shiver.

Neil, jerked up, almost falling face first on the floor, and began to scream like the mad man he was at young Billy, whose eyes were wide open and mouth gaping. Then tears were streaming down his puffy cheeks and burning his skin while Neil was throwing everything he had caught under his hands at the wall that Billy was hiding behind. Books, knick-knacks, even a dead plant. At every shattered piece, Billy had flinched, too scared to move or do anything other than crying. His legs were trembling and cold fear wrapped his heart.

"Go the fuck away, you piece of shit! You did nothing but cause troubles!!" his father had shouted with an enraged look on his face, breathing heavily, his face contorted in a horrible snarl. His voice had gone so high that the veins on his neck had bulged out. His face was livid. He had looked like a rabid dog, ready to bite.

"She died because of you!!" he had cried again with an awful howl and was about to throw the bottle at Billy, who had stood frozen where he was the whole time, his knuckles white from gripping the edge of the wall so tight. But in that exact moment, as the maroon glass of the bottle had shone under the dim light of the lamp, something in the little boy had clicked and he had run away as fast as he could, heading to his bedroom, nearly crawling up the stairs.

Believing to be safe in there, he had locked himself in and hidden under the covers of his bed, like they were a shield that could protect him from the monster his father had become.

Billy was only nine back then, and so naive.

Of all the times Steve's parents could have come back to Hawkins, they had to choose Christmas, *obviously*.

The phone rang and Billy almost stumbled on the floor to reach it before Max could, just to mock him like she usually did and he

wanted to avoid it, thanks. Billy clearly had softened because lately he just scoffed or grunted a “Go away already.”. Max laughed up her sleeves and then sneaked away every single time, like she *knew* somehow.

“Hey, Billy.” Steve’s voice spoke from the other end of the line.

“Oh, Princess. I thought you’d just forgotten about me.”

A huff, or a laugh. Billy couldn’t tell. “Stop it.” Yup, a laugh, definitely. Something in Billy’s chest fluttered hearing it. His heart, maybe. “I called you for... Well, I know that we were supposed to meet today but... *damn*, we can’t anymore, I’m sorry.”

“Oh. *Uh..* okay?”. Steve sounded nervous? Billy didn’t know what do with that kind of information.

“I know, I know, I’ve told you that my parents would have come back for Christmas Eve, but they decided to make me a surprise.” Billy was sure the other boy was rolling his eyes.

“*Ohw*, sweet of them.”. A pause. “Sorry...”

“No, that’s okay. They’re jerks. They remember about me only in these occasions.”.

The blond snorted at that, although Steve’s tone was bittersweet.

“Sooo, how about the 28th? Unfortunately, I must stick around here ‘till then.”

“No prob, pretty boy. It’s not like I was willing to see ya smug face anyway.” Billy really wanted to sound casual, but he couldn’t help himself from smirking, even if he was a little bit disappointed for the change of plan.

“*Right*.” In fact, Steve didn’t buy that bullshit and the blond could vividly see him shake his fierce tuft while chuckling softly.

Suddenly, Billy heard a yell, far but loud enough for him to hear it. A female voice. Steve’s mom, probably.

A ruffled sound and then the brunet cursing through his teeth. "Now I have to go." he spoke again, his voice slightly lower than before and full of annoyance. "See you on the 28th, okay? Bye, babe."

Billy didn't even have the time to say goodbye, that the brunet had already hung up. Rude.

Fuck Steve's parents.

Okay, Billy wasn't mad at them *for real*. It was just that he had had enough of these fucking holidays already and he wanted to see Steve so bad. Because he was the only one who could get a smile from Billy, even in that tough, shitty period.

Billy spent the rest of the day in his room, mood down the toilet. He listened to some hair metal, volume so high that the walls almost trembled, while scribbling on his notebook, secret notebook; then he had to show up for dinner because, well, he wasn't a total douchebag after all, and Max and Susan were able to distract him from his thoughts, even just for a while.

As Steve predicted, he and Billy couldn't meet in the next days because the Harringtons had to play the happy, perfect family thing Steve hated so fucking much. Then, Nancy *forc-* gently *invited* him to have lunch with her family, and it had been one of the most awkward moments of his entire life, even if things remained cool between Steve and the Wheelers after the breakup. Steve thought more than once about climbing out from the bathroom window, but he stopped himself, he didn't think he had such a strong self-control.

When Steve believed he was finally free from everything and everyone, there came Mrs. Henderson with her kind words and delicious food. Another day among laughs and smiles and gifts. The gang was there too, and they played D&D all together in Dustin's living room. It had been fun, after all.

In all of this, he totally forgot to call Billy.

Shit.

Then December 28th came.

Steve's parents were far gone by now, and the brunet took the chance to ask Billy if he wanted to come over. The blond played the offended card, though it didn't last long.

Later that day, at about 3 in the afternoon, Billy was at the Harringtons' door, hands in the pockets of his blue jeans and a lit cigarette dangling from his lips as usual.

After having rang the doorbell, he stood there, rubbing one foot on the floor and looking around as he waited.

He had this strange feeling beneath his skin, like an annoying prickle he wanted to scratch away but he couldn't. It was unnerving, to say the least.

To calm himself down somehow, he took a deep drag of the cigarette and then breathed out slowly, the smoke spilling through his nostrils and mouth.

In that exact moment, the door opened and Billy's eyes laid on the cutest image they had have ever seen.

Steve was in front of him, cheeks slightly flushed like he'd run to open the door, hair a little disheveled but his characteristic tuft always present, wearing just grey sweatpants and a fucking. Christmas. Sweater. That kind of sweater with horrible stylized reindeers and green pine trees, all floating in a sea of red wool that highlighted his pale skin. And, cherry on top, it was a turtleneck.

Billy thought he was going to die, right there and then.

His shoulders began to shake from the laughter that was growing in his lungs and throat.

The brunet's face went *purple* immediately and Billy wanted to smooch him all over.

Not that he *actually* did it, he wasn't that clingy. *Maybe*.

Steve grimaced at that reaction, frowning, though his lips were

twitching like they were fighting off a smile.

“Get inside, c’mon.” the taller boy practically dragged the other inside from his upper arm, but Billy couldn’t hold it in anymore and he burst out laughing, holding his own stomach and sweeping the tears away from his eyes with his free hand. It was too much to handle.

“You’re a fucking kid, you know that?” the brunet snapped upset, shaking his head “And put that thing out, you know you can’t smoke in my house.” he waved a hand towards the cigarette Billy was still keeping between his index and middle finger.

The blond gasped for air and cleared his throat to pull himself together again, just enough to be able to speak.

“Woah, Harrington” hearing the surname, Steve’s frown even deepened “You can be a fuckin’ bitch when you don’t get fuck-“ he was saying while throwing the stub on the landing outside and putting it out with the tip of his right foot.

As Billy blabbed that, the brunet scoffed loudly pinching the bridge of his nose. “Shut up and follow me.” Steve cut him short closing the door with a sharp movement, and then glanced at Billy’s dirty boots before shooting him a serious look. Billy knew damn well what that meant.

“Yeah, Princess, relax. I won’t-“ the blond squatted down and started to unlace them, but Steve was already on the stairs.

“Ruuude!” Billy shouted at Steve’s back, the corners of his mouth turned up in a smirk.

Nothing came in reply.

Once he walked into Steve’s bedroom, the strange feeling from earlier came back and washed under his skin like a wave, from head to toe, leaving him dizzy.

Suddenly he felt his stomach clench nervously. Damn, he had to do

something before seeing too much into this and seriously having an attack, so he took his denim jacket off and slowly laid it on the backrest of Steve's chair that stood right before the desk.

Then he turned towards the other boy who was sitting at the end of his own bed, legs a little spread, the right one bouncing. Hands on his lap, torturing his fingers, he chewed the bottom lip.

What the hell?

Steve himself acted anxiously and that didn't calm Billy *at all*.

The air was thick with anticipation, but of what?

What if Steve wanted to.. break up with him?

No, wait a minute. It's impossible, isn't it? He hadn't done anything to lead Steve to something like that. Or at least he thought so. He had been trying to be *good*, goddamn it. Yeah okay, maybe he wasn't used to be in a relationship yet, a *real relationship*, but Steve must have seen how much Billy was seeking to be a better person, right?

Just a few days ago they had been hanging out and it felt amazing, well for Billy it surely had.

Even so.. why was Steve acting like he was going to bolt any second and tell him it was over?

What they had wasn't perfect, sure, but it was *something* and Billy held on to it like it was an anchor that helped him stay afloat in that sea of shit that was his life. And Steve wanted to rip it off? Fuck, Billy couldn't bear to lose it, to lose *him*.

Billy, calm the fuck down.

He inhaled deeply, hoping that Steve didn't catch it.

"So?" Billy finally had the voice to speak as he scratched the back of his head. Just a few minutes ago, Steve had seemed completely normal, what was going on, now?

You're being paranoid.

"I'm sorry I haven't called you these past days." the brunet blurted out after a long moment, making a face that Billy hated so much because it was full of guilt.

He seriously almost had a heart attack for *that*?!

This guy, I swear to God--

"Please, Steve, I've al--"

"No, but for real." Steve stood up abruptly, like he had been struck by an electric jolt and almost lunged at Billy. "I wished we could have spent our first Christmas together way more differently." stepping closer, he mumbled the apology, the same one he told Billy at the phone, yet hearing it when they were face to face was another thing, totally. Seeing those big, deep eyes staring at him, those lips twisted in a sad pout, his voice so honest.

And he said 'our first Christmas', that implied there will be others in Steve's mind.

It was his heart that clenched this time.

The blond thought about something to say, but then the brunet was moving away and opening one door of his wardrobe. He rummaged inside it, disappearing between jackets and coats for a few seconds, before pulling out the thing he was looking for.

Billy was so confused right now.

Steve moved back close to Billy. "Here" he said as he handed him the thing.

It was a package, something wrapped in a Christmas red paper with golden stars printed on it and a perfect bow, that certainly Steve didn't do by himself, since Billy knew the things those hands were capable of and making bows and packages wasn't among them.

The blond took what was clearly a present for him, and darted looks from it to Steve several times, unsure of what to do. It was soft at the touch. His hands started sweating.

“C’mon, open it” Steve suggested pointing at him with a nod. “I swear it doesn’t bite.” he added as a short chuckle left his lips.

Billy snorted at those words and hesitated a bit longer until the curiosity had the best on him and he began to unwrap the package, carefully tearing off first the bow and then the paper.

He looked up at Steve blinking, eyes wide and mouth parted in a little ‘o’ as the paper and the bow fell on the floor, totally forgotten because it was the least of his concerns right now. Because he was holding the fucking winter leather coat from the clothes shop at the mall where he and Steve went for Nancy’s present some days ago.

“Do- do you like it?” the brunet asked, chewing his bottom lip again. “It was this one, wasn’t it?” he went on since Billy hadn’t spoken yet, anxiety painted all over his face and tone expectant.

In fact, the blond was gaping like a total idiot at a loss of words. He wasn’t used to receive gifts, if he wanted something he just took it. Well, he had been like that, some time ago, for sure.

Harrington really changed him, hadn’t he? Or rather, Billy changed *thanks* to him.

“Steve, I-“

“Try it” Steve smiled gently, but when there was still no coherent answer from the other boy, he took the jacket from Billy’s hands and helped him put it on.

The blond let himself being manhandled by his boyfriend like a fucking child and once fixed, Steve looked at him sighing in relief. “It suits you damn well, I’m glad I remember your size” smile never leaving his lips, he pulled a bit at the jacket revers to get Billy even closer.

But Billy was still silent, dumbfounded, processing what just happened.

Minutes ago he thought Steve wanted to leave him and kiss it goodbye, and next he found himself standing in the middle of his boyfriend’s bedroom, on his now weak legs, and wearing a present

Steve got him.

He felt an aneurysm coming up so fast, *holy shit*.

“Baby, is everything alright?” the look on Steve’s face was full of concern and one of his hands moved up to the blond’s face to lay carefully on his cheek which now was burning from that light contact.

Panic was crawling inside Billy and his pulse skyrocketed as his eyes popped out from his skull like a living cartoon, realizing all.

“Shit, *Steve*.” he fumbled in a strained voice jumping few steps back, and he caught a flash of hurt in the other boy’s eyes at that reaction like he didn’t expect Billy to act like that.

Nonononono. Fuck.

Fix it, you dumb idiot.

He began to pace the room like a caged animal, hands stroking his face up and down wildly as a way to calming himself down. His fingertips itching from wanting a damn cigarette right away.

“I bought you nothing, okay?” he confessed coming to a stop in front of Steve again, Steve who was gripping his own left arm with the other one and whose face was contorted in a grimace between worried and wounded.

“I-I thought it wasn’t a big deal, so I-I..” the blond gulped hard, his mouth suddenly dry. “I thought it was stupid, that *Christmas* is stupid.” he went on fidgeting on his feet, eyes stinging and voice dead in his throat, and looked away because it was too much, really.

A long minute passed and when he heard nothing coming from the taller boy, he slowly moved his eyes back to him and noticed only in that moment that Steve’s expression completely changed from earlier. Arms crossed on his chest, he was staring at him with his stupid brown doe eyes, and that impossible adorable half smile like he wanted to laugh but was holding himself back for Billy’s sake.

“...what?” the blond boy asked in a faint whisper, an upsetting feeling coiling in his gut.

And *now* Steve was laughing, tears forming at the corner of his eyes.

“What??” Billy gritted his teeth, starting to get angry at this point because what the hell? “The fuck is your problem, Harrington?” he was glowering at him, tone sharp as a knife and blood boiling in his veins.

After taking a big breath to recompose himself, Steve gingerly moved closer to the shorter boy, who promptly straightened and hooded his eyes, still glowering.

“You’re too cute, really.” he said in a such fond and gleeful way that made the blond’s temper falter, that smile Billy was so used to see by now plastered on his pretty face.

And Billy wasn’t blushing *at all* at those words, okay?

“Shut the fuck up.” he averted his eyes and waved a hand in the air to shush him, but Steve rapidly took and squeezed it. The feeling of warm skin against his drained the rage from him in less than a second. Steve had this power on him and it was fucking annoying, especially in moments like that when he *did* want to stay angry at him.

Billy’s look snapped immediately back to his boyfriend’s face. “You-you’re not mad, then?” he spoke again in a lower tone, heart stuck in his throat, and he was sure the back of his shirt stained with cold sweat. Because of the coat, not because of the full motherfucking roller coaster of feelings that washed over him within a few minutes.

“Mad?” Steve repeated in total disbelief, looking at him like he was insane but never letting his hand go. “Billy, I don’t want a gift just because I made you one. That’s not why I did it in first place.” he said as his eyebrows furrowed. “You needed a jacket like this, babe.” he stated arching a brow and Billy couldn’t help but mentally agree with him, though he obviously didn’t say anything out loud because he wouldn’t have been Billy otherwise. “I saw you looking at it at the mall, so the next day I went there again and bought it.” Steve went on to explain as simple as it was. “You can stop whining like a bitch about the cold now.” he added winking teasingly at him.

Then he sweetly clutched Billy's hand between both of his before nearing his lips and kissing the back of it, staring at Billy straight in the eyes.

Air was knocked out from his fucking lungs at that gesture.

He couldn't with this guy. What did he do to have him in his life? Like, seriously? Treating him like he was worthy? With so much kindness, so much affection. Steve knew him so well he understood just from a quick, simple detail that Billy wanted that jacket. Steve bought him that jacket because he believed in them, in their relationship, he believed that Billy wouldn't run away at any moment. It was quite some time that Billy didn't want to get out of this shithole town, and one of the reasons (and maybe the most important) was standing in front of him right now.

Nobody ever before did something like this for Billy. Nobody ever cared about him and believed in him as much as Steve did, except his mother.

Billy was suffocating from how much he was overwhelmed by all the emotions he felt in that moment.

Steve was made that way. He gave all of himself, all of his heart to who he deeply cared without expecting something in return, even after what he got through with Nancy. And he was giving that unconditional love to Billy now. And *fuck* if that wasn't pure and beautiful and didn't make Billy's heart *ache* painfully in his chest.

"Are you...crying?"

That question startled the fuck out of him and he blinked more than once to actually focus on the present again, only then feeling that tears were streaming on his cheeks. He stiffened at that realization, but shuddered all the same.

He had been lost in his thoughts for.. seconds? Minutes? He didn't know, to be honest. But it had to be enough time because Steve went back to stare at him all worried but with a sympathetic glint behind his look.

Oh.

The brunet let Billy's hand go to reach a wild lock of blonde curls and tuck it behind the ear with his right one.

Billy smacked it away before he could touch his hair, though. "Fuck you, Harrington, I-" he grumbled, sniffing and pushing Steve away for a good measure.

"Oh God, babe. You *are* crying!" Steve chuckled instead, as if nothing happened, looking at the blond with such fondness that it made his eyes shine and his all face light up like he was the fucking sun itself.

"I've told y-you to fuck off!" Billy barked out, he didn't notice how much his voice was shaking. He knew Steve wasn't really laughing at him, however he felt his stomach twirl with shame. Old habits are hard to fade away.

"Stop crying like a pussy."

"Real men don't cry, I've told you thousand times!"

"You faggot, the only thing you can do is crying."

That fucking voice and that ugly laugh echoed in the back of his mind.

He didn't want to fight Steve, he didn't want to lash out like he would have done one year ago, no. He promised to himself that he would never lay a hand on Steve again.

Suddenly, Billy turned away from him and headed for the door, his patience had reached the fucking limit now. He wasn't in the mood to be laughed at and ridiculed by Steve. Billy really thought that Steve knew better, but here he was treating him like a joke. How *fun*, wow.

Steve must had known better.. even if Billy hadn't really mentioned to him his shits heart-to-heart as it should had been done in a relationship. *Okay*, he was being a childish dick now and he couldn't expect Steve to know how Billy truly felt about Christmas and all, since the brunet couldn't read his mind, hello? And Steve was, well,

Steve, after all and he was growing up too, they were growing up *together* and that thought was a sweet stab in Billy's heart who had never thought of growing up with someone at his side, and he wanted that someone to be Steve.

..on the other hand, he couldn't stand Steve's look anymore, he feared it might have become an addiction he couldn't afford, if it wasn't like that already.

Steve, that preppy, stubborn, sappy, hopeless romantic, crabby, dorky boy who had been able to breach Billy's defenses and built his own space without permission in the blond's heart, Steve stopped him before he could leave, gripping his forearm, and held him there, desperately.

"I-I'm sorry, Billy" Steve suddenly seemed worried and mortified like he'd just realized what he had done, no sign of the previous laugh in his voice that now was a mere mumble. "I d-didn't mean to mock you. I'm a dickhead... A big one.". Even if Billy wasn't looking at him, he could feel Steve was genuinely sincere.

They had so much to work on, both of them, he knew, but baby steps, right?

Fuck. This idiot...

Billy got tense hearing those words and tightened his grip on the doorknob, swallowing hard, the cold of the metal burnt against his fingers, knuckles became white from gripping and tears still came rolling down his face.

Steve put his hand on Billy's so delicately as though the blond would have jolted away and he was afraid of scaring him.

And now he was pressing his body into Billy's and leaning closer, his breath grazing the blond's cheek like a pleasant breeze, sending a shiver down the latter's spine, chest on his back. "Merry Christmas, love." he whispered in Billy's ear in a heated tone before nuzzling his cheekbone with the tip of his nose, and Billy felt warm all over, his heart pounding so fucking fast in his chest like it wanted to break free from the rib cage.

Billy wanted to say something, he really did, but his voice was missing, it was like he had a knot in his throat he couldn't undo.

Two hands slipped under the jacket to rest on his abdomen and then Billy was completely surrounded by the brunet, by his body, his smell, his warmth.

He felt his pulse on the temples and his ears ringing. The grip on the doorknob weakened to fully fade right after and his shoulders visibly relaxed, but he wasn't ready to look at Steve yet.

The brunet pecked at his wet cheek with his soft lips and Billy closed his eyes for a moment, breathing in sharply.

He then let Steve spin him around, his hands on Billy's waist and his fingers sinking in the fabric of Billy's blue shirt.

Billy's lips were trembling and *fuck* he couldn't stand Steve's look, so he stared at a random spot over the brunet's right shoulder, until Steve cupped his face with those gentle hands and forced their eyes to meet.

Damn, Steve was so beautiful. He always left him breathless.

Without thinking too much, Billy leaned forward and pressed his lips on Steve's in a soft kiss, so unusual for him. He held it for some time until he felt the hands that were on his hips slowly slip down to grip his ass tight and that made him jump in delightful surprise. A wicked grin bloomed on his face and Steve chuckled amused before licking Billy's bottom lip, eyes never leaving his.

Hot rush flowed inside the blond and he started to devour the other boy, resting a hand on the crook of his neck to make his head tilt a little to the side. The kiss was sensual and slow, and it didn't pass long before Billy deepened it, his tongue trying to slip between Steve's pink lips, craving to taste him. The brunet willingly opened his mouth, the kiss turning into a mess of teeth clacking and tongues swirling together.

Billy groaned low in his throat, hardening his grip, and Steve took the opportunity to press their bodies even closer, like he wanted to

crawl beneath Billy's skin, and began to grope his ass. They continued to kiss within gasps and moans, drowning in one other.

When he began to feel dizzy, Billy pulled back enough to fill his lungs with air, not wanting to step away from Steve's warmth yet. He'd missed it, he'd missed Steve so much, he'd missed being with him like this.

Forehead against forehead and cheeks flushed, the two stood there, breathing in each other's mouth and smiling like idiots.

"You're an asshole." Billy's voice was still rough from crying earlier, but full of renewed tenderness because he had already forgiven him.

The taller boy just giggled at that. "We are a couple of assholes, then." he said as a matter of fact.

Shaking his head, Billy snorted loudly and, after giving him another light kiss on his lips, wrapped both arms around Steve's neck, who brought his hands on the small of Billy's back to hug him properly and squeezed him.

"And if you want so badly to buy me a present, you can do it next year." Steve pointed out as he shrugged. Billy saw what he was trying to do it there, wanting to lighten the mood, and he appreciated it.

The blond arched a brow, shooting him a dazed look. "A-ah! And here I thought you had changed, Harrington."

"You know that we are living in a material world and I am a material girl!" the brunet sang, high pitched, and Billy felt his heart fluttering and clutching in his chest.

Billy loved that boy so fucking much. Yes, he loved him. Finally he admitted to himself that simple truth that he had known for quite some time nonetheless. A weight left his lungs and he could *really* breathe for the first time in his life.

"Jesus, you are really something else" he meant to sound harsh but he definitely failed because how could resist his cuteness?

They bursted into laughter together, still hugging each other, and

Billy decided that that was the sound he wanted to hear for the rest of his life.

Maybe now he could make new memories, good memories, with Steve.

Billy would have worn that jacket for many years coming, not for the present itself because, well, as cool as it could be, it was still a jacket, but for its metaphorical meaning. After all, the most precious gift he'd been given was the one he was holding between his arms, and Billy had never been happier than he was right now.

Author's Note:

Kudos and comments are appreciated ♥

You can find me on tumblr as [rosadiazsmile](#) if you want to talk about these two dorks in love uvu